

BESIDE MY FATHER'S GRAVE

I STOOD beside my father's grave to-day;
—My Father, who died many years ago—
And thought it was not strange, that he should know
Love drew me there to stand awhile and pray;
Oh that my listening heart could hear him say:
“My son, I'm glad to see you !” It was so
We met, in those last, weary days that grow
Upon my memory, now I'm old and gray.

I doubt not he is risen from the tomb;
For at my daily task, and in my walk,
Yea ! ev'n in sleep, his voice calls unto me:
I hear it, and I see beyond the gloom;
And find Heaven's comfort in the silent talk
Of soul with soul in God's eternity.

1913